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TRANSLATIONS.

FROM POEMS OF SCHILLER, SCHLEGEL, UHLAND, SCHWAB, SCHNECKENBURGER, CHAMISSO, FREILIGRATH, AND OTHERS.

By

HENRY P. H. BROMWELL.

[*Baltimore — 1823 —— 1903 — Denver.*]

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Recorded

"Now the day, to other lands returning,
Leaves us to the night."

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THE LAND OF FREEDOM.

The old man slept on Hella's field, where well was fought
the battle:
Ten hours had slumbered he alone, since rang the wild
alarum:
And who the gray-haired sleeper saw, sighed "*Peace*" to
the departed;
Yet now his silvery head he raised, and rubbed his eyes
from slumber.

Before him lay the peaceful sea, with rosy purple bil-
lows:
"Thou quiet sea," so whispered he, "how gently flow
thy waters;
"How glow thy waves so beauteously beneath the
morning's crimson;
"So holy only shines the morn, in the golden Land of
Freedom."

Full many an hundred men there lay, upon the sea
shore sleeping;
"O blessed hosts, ye slumber sweet in Heaven's free
pavilion:
"Your rest no tyrant's call disturbs; the robber's
sword ye heed not;
"So peaceful sleep and dream may none, save in the
Land of Freedom."

And near him, on the shining grass, there rest two
beauteous children;
All motionless, yet each with each in warm embrace
encircled;
"O lovely, tender, blooming pair, caressed in love's
own breathing,
"Such sweet and holy love but lives in the golden
Land of Freedom."

And o'er him mildly bending shone the face of
lovely woman,
His weary silvery head lay soft upon her beau-
teous bosom;
"On such a cushion none may sleep, save in those
peaceful regions;
"And only such an angel watch, in the golden
Land of Freedom."

He whispered light, and sank his head, and clos-
ed his eyes in stillness;
And never did they open more, nor raised he
more his visage.
O poor, and yet O blest old man, sleep on and
dream in silence
Nor wake that any tell to thee, what thou today
hast witnessed.

TRANSLATIONS.

Not from the morning glows the sea, but blood of
thy own people;
The sleepers all thy brothers are, nor shall they
wake from sleeping;
The children thy grandchildren are, whom hunger
slew before thee,
The woman's image is thine own, thy daughter
bending o'er thee.

Translated in 1863, from Anastasius Grun, and published later by "Square and Compass," and another paper.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE LION'S RIDE.

Desert monarch is the lion, thro' his Kingdom he would fly
To the still lagoon he passes, in the lofty reeds to lie;
Where gazelle and camelopard drink, he lurks upon the shore:
Trembling leaves above the mighty, rustle on the sycamore.

Evening, when the bright fires sparkle in the Hottentottish
kraal
When steep Table Mountain's colors, changing signals, all
grow pale.
When the solitary Kaffre sweeps across the wide Karroo,
When th' antelope sleeps beneath the bush, and by the
stream the gnu.

Lo! then stalks majestically through the waste the tall
giraffe,
Toward the lagoon's slimy border, from the turbid wave
to quaff:
Thirsting, hastes he o'er the desert, there his burning
tongue to cool;
Kneeling with his neck extended, sips he from the miry
pool.

Suddenly the reeds are shaken; with a roar the lion bounds
On his shoulders —— what a charger! When were richer housings found
In the stalls of kingly castles, garnishing the war steed's sides,
Than the spotted courser's trappings, which the King of beasts bestrides.

In the neck's deep muscles plunges he his greedy fangs amain!
O'er the giant courser's shoulders waves the rider's yellow mane,
With a hollow shriek of torture, mad with pain he springs to flight ——
See! How swiftness of the camel with the leopard's skin unites.

See! The moonlit plain he touches with the light foot of the roe!
See his staring eyeballs starting from their sockets as he goes!
Down his brown flecked neck and shoulders black'ning blood streams rippling start,
And the still waste hears the beatings of the flying victim's heart.

As the cloud which lighted Israel, thro' the wastes of Yemen dim,
As a spirit of the desert, as an airy phantom grim,
As a sand formed typhoon gendered in the desert's sandy sea,
Whirls a yellow, dusty pillar on behind them as they flee.

On their course the vulture follows, croaking sweeps he thro' the gloom,
On their track the fell hyena, foul polluter of the tomb;
And the panther, dread destroyer of the capeland herds, gives chase;
Drops of blood and sweat commingled mark their monarch's fearful trace.

Trembling, they behold their master, seated on his living throne;
Tearing with sharp claws the chequered cushion where he rides alone,
Restless till his strength be wasted must the steed his burden bear
'Gainst a rider such as this one, naught it helps to smite or rear,

Staggering on the desert's border falls he, gurgling breath and
blood;
Dead, besmeared with dust and foam, the steed becomes the
rider's food.
Over Madagascar eastward, glances now the beam of day.
Thus the King of beasts doth nightly through his empire
make his way.

1869.

Note. (*By H. P. H. B.*) —— *The above is one of Freiligrath's satires. In this he deals with absolute monarchy — the host of lesser tyrants who follow and uphold the damnable work of their more fortunate master, and the woeful fate of a people who suffer themselves to be overreached and subjugated by kingcraft and priestcraft.*

THE RIDER AND THE BODENSEE.

The rider rides through the valley bright,
On snow-fields shimmers the morning light.

In sweat, through the frigid snow drives he,
He would pass ere night to the Boden Sea.

Yet with the horse, in the good boat o'er,
He would land today on the farther shore.

O'er rugged ways, over stone and thorn,
O'er fields he flies on the stout horse borne.

From the mountains out to the level land
He sees the snow stretching out like sand.

Behind him city and village pass,
The way is even, the road as glass,

No hill or house on the plain he sees,
The rocks have vanished, and so the trees,

He flies, and a league and two go by ——
He hears in the air the wild snow goose cry.

The fluttering water hen he hears ——
No other sounds fall on his ears,

He sees no wanderer upon the snow,
That here the proper path might show ——

O'er the snow as o'er velvet, forth rides he free;
"When will roar the billows, when glance the sea?"

The eve its shadows begins to throw ——
In the distance sees he the lamp lights glow,

And tree on tree from the mist stands out,
High hills enclose the broad space about.

Now he stone and thorn on the soil can trace,
He spurs his horse to a swifter pace.

And dogs loud bay, as his horse comes by
And village hearth fires are shining nigh.

"Welcome ! Oh maid at the window, say !
The sea ! The sea ! Is it far away !"

The maid looks on him with wondering eye :
"The sea and the boat behind thee lie !

"And did not the ice rind cover it now,
I should say from the ferry now ridest thou !"

The stranger shudders, he breathes in fear ——
"There ! Over that plain have I ridden here !"

The maiden raises her arm in air ——
"Great God ! O'er the sea hast thou ridden there !

"At the gulf, at the bottomless depth indeed,
Hath knocked the hoof of the rushing steed !"

"Did the water beneath thee not angry grow?
Did it crack not, the brittle ice crust below.?"

"And thou wast not under the wave the food,
Of the hungry pike and his silent brood?" ——

She calls the village the tale to hear,
In groups the striplings are gathered near ;

The mother hastens, and grandsire gray ——
"Most fortunate man ! We bless thee today !

"Within to the stove and the steaming dish ——
Break with us bread and eat with us fish ! "

The rider stared on his horse, nor stirred ——
The first words spoken were all he heard,

His hair stood stiff, and his heart was numb ——
Close after him seems the danger to come.

To his eye but the horrid gulf doth show,
His spirit sinks in the blackness low.

In his ear but the cracking ice doth roar ——
The cold sweat ripples his limbs all o'er.

There sighs he, —— and slow from his horse sinks down !
A dry grave for him on that shore was found !

(*Trans'. in 1864, from poem by G. Schwab.*)

TRANSLATIONS.

THE CASTLE OF BONCOURT.

I dream myself back to my childhood,
And shake my gray head as I dream!
Why visit me now, O ye visions ——
Which long as forgotten did seem?

High rises from shadowy enclosures,
A shimmering castle, —— and great ——
I know all its towers and its bulwarks,
The rocky, arched bridge, and the gate.

From the ancient escutcheon, the lion
Familiarly looks, as of yore;
I greet him, the olden acquaintance ——
And haste thro' the courtyard once more.

And there lies the sphinx by the fountain,
There rises the fig tree in green ——
And there, behind those fair windows,
I dreamed my first childish dream.

The old castle chapel I enter ——
I seek for my ancestor's grave:
There is it; and there by the pillar
Hangs down the old sword of the brave!

But not my veiled eyes can decipher
The lines the inscription may show;
Howe'er bright thro' the many-hued windows
The sunlight may over it flow.

So standst thou, O hall of my fathers,
So true in my thought and so fast!
And yet from the earth thou art vanished,
The plowshare hath over thee passed.

Be fruitful, O soil that art dearest!
I bless thee in tenderness now;
And two-fold I bless him, whoever,
Now over thee urges the plow.

But I will arise and will hasten,
And forth, with my harp in my hand,
Thro' the wide wide world will I wander,
And sing, from land unto land.

Translated in 1863, from poem by Chamisso, and published later by several papers.

Chamisso was born in France, the son of a nobleman driven out by the revolution, and his estate confiscated; his son, the poet, studied and wrote in another language than the French.

DIFFERING SORROWS.

(*Grun.*)

A maiden kneels by a grave stone low,
And plants a poplar thereon to grow;

"Strive up thro' ether, slender tree;
So to the star world high soared he!
As rise in prayer these hands of mine,
Throw upward every twig of thine;
And as my eyes do starwards gaze,
Shall every leaf its glance upraise
To him, to him! Above, above!
Repeat it all thy leaves of love!
Thus poplar, on his grave, of me,
Shalt thou a mourning image be!"

A youth did kneel by a grave stone low,
And plant a willow thereon to grow:

"Strive earthward O thou weeping tree,
As also to the earth sank she!
As on this grave my tears do flow,
So cast thy dewy tears below;
And as my arms do downwards grasp
And seek her coffin yet to clasp
So round this grave thy branches throw
To her, to her! Below, below!
So willow on her grave, of me
A mourning image thou shalt be!"

1863

WINDS OF MAY.

(*From the German; author unknown.*)

When sweep the May breezes
And the snows pass away,
Then lift the blue violets
Their heads to the day;
The birds that have slumbered
Through winter's long night,
Again are awakened
And sing with delight.

When bloom once the roses,
Shall the heart no more pine,
For the rose time is ever,
Love's season divine.
The roses come blooming,
Each year with the sun;
But love blooms once only,
And after, is done.

Each year comes the springtime
When winter is flown:
But man alas, knoweth
One May-time alone:
The swallows departing,
Return as before;
But man when he goeth,
Returneth no more.

1863.

ARION.

(*Schlegel.*)

Arion was the Lord of Music;
The viol lived beneath his hand;
Therewith all spirits he enchanted,
And gladly hailed him every land.
He sailed with treasure laden,
From fair Tarentum's haven
Homeward, to beauteous Hellas' strand.

For friendship drew him with its yearnings;
Him Corinth's ruler loved full well;
And ere he ventured on his journeyings
He bade him in his halls to dwell:
"Remain with me securely
And peaceful rest, for surely
Those who may win, may lose as well."

Arion spoke: "To roam while living,
Befits the freeborn poet's breast:
The gift to me a god hath given,
Should warm with joy a thousand breasts;
With stores of well earned treasure,
How would I bathe in pleasure,
Conscious of wide spread fame possessed."

He stood on board the second morning,
Serenely flowed the sea and air;
"O Periander! Idle warning!
Now in my arms forget thy care.
Rich treasures of our coffers
We to the gods shall offer
And thronging guests our joy shall share."

The sea and wind in calmness rested,
Not e'en a distant cloudlet frowned;
The waves too much he had not trusted,
But men too much, alas he found.
He heard them slyly speaking,
His treasures they were seeking;
And soon the crew did him surround.

"Thou must no longer live, Arion,
Yet if thou seekst on land a grave,
Prepare at thine own hand for dying,
Else cast thyself beneath the wave."
"What? doth my gold entice you?
Let that alone suffice you,
I give it all my life to save!"

No no! We will not let thee wander!
Thy life too dangerous would be;
How could we meet with Periander,
Shouldst thou but say we plundered thee?
Thy gold would profit never,
Should fear prevent forever,
That we our homes again should see."

"Then grant at least this final prayer,
Since naught avails to rescue me;
That as beseeming to a player,
As was my life, my death may be.
When I my song have ended,
When its last tone is rendered,
I with my lyre will trust the sea."

They cannot scorn this last petition,
For booty only cared they aught;
Yet unto such a bard to listen,
Did even charm their savage thought.
"Yet should the song befit me,
To change my garb permit me,
Apollo else inspires me naught."

The youth, his limbs in beauty glowing,
Stood decked in gold and purple rare:
Down to the jeweled sandals flowing,
Descends the folding mantle fair;
His wrists gemmed bracelets covered,
Round cheeks and neck and forehead,
Flowed garlanded his odorous hair.

The lyre then his left hand supported,
He held the ivory in his right;
He seemed to newer life transported,
As shone he in the morning light.
His tones the crew entrancing,
Unto the verge advancing,
He gazed down on the billows bright.

"Companion of my voice," thus sang he,
"Come,—— seek with me the shadowy land ——
What though the Dog of Hell be angry,
Thy tones shall charm him where he stands!
Elysium's heroes glorious,
O'er the dark stream victorious,
Soon shall I greet your peaceful band."

"Yet can ye from my grief entice me?
I leave my dearest friend to come;
Thou who didst seek thy Eurydice
When Hades hid thy chosen one——
When like a dream had flown thee,
That which thy song had won thee,
How didst thou even curse the sun!"

"I must below, I wait no further,
The gods on high look down on me:
Ye who in treachery planned this murder,
Let paleness seize you when you see.
I come, ye nereids tender,
To you my form I render!"
So sprang he in the deep blue sea.

Him instantly the billows swallowed;
Secure, the seamen sailed along——
But dolphins had the vessel followed,
As drawn by some enchantment strong.
Soon as the flood swept o'er him,
One on his back upbore him,
And brought to port the child of song.

Only the sea's confused resoundings,
Are given the voiceless fish to share;
Yet music charms to joyous boundings,
The dolphin from his briny lair:
And oft it lures him onward,
With look of earnest longing,
To meet the slayer's treacherous snare.

So in delight the human loving
And senseful brute the singer bore;
He on the arching body poising,
In triumph held the lyre once more;
And little waves outspringing,
As from the cithern's ringing,
Danced sparkling on the azure floor.

And where his charge the dolphin rendered
In safety on the friendly shore,
Through after times to be remembered,
This tale a brazen pillar bore.
Now as they kindly parted,
And each his way departed,
Arion thus his song did pour:

"Farewell thou true and friendly being,
Would that I might reward thee well!
Yet we may not be fellows, seeing
Thou only here, I there must dwell.
Thee Galatea fairer
Shall guide, when thou shalt bear her
Where waves as liquid mirrors swell."

Soon thence Arion lightly bore him,
As first he on his journey came;
Soon Corinth's towers glanced before him;
He wandered singing, through the plain:
For born to love and pleasure,
Forgotten was his treasure,
So but his friend the lyre remained.

He enters: "Now no more to wander,
I, friend, shall on thy bosom rest ——
The gift a god bestowed upon me,
Has filled with joy a thousand breasts;
Though hands of guilty treason,
The well earned gifts did seize on,
I joy in wide spread fame possessed."

His wondrous story told he truly,
Amazed was Periander quite;
"Should such a scheme succeed, then truly
In vain is all my borrowed might:
That we detect them surely,
Remain with me securely,
Till they unwitting, come to sight."

Soon seamen at the port arriving,
Commanded he to bring them near ——
"What of Arion are your tidings?
Much for his welfare do I fear!"
"We left him treasure laden,
At fair Tarentum's haven" ——
When lo! Arion doth appear!

His youthful limbs in beauty glowing
Are clad in gold and purple rare;
Down to his jeweled sandals flowing,
Descends the folding mantle fair;
His arms with bracelets covered:
Round cheeks and neck and forehead,
Flows garlanded his odorous hair.

The lyre upon his left hand resting,
He holds the ivory in his right;
Astounded, sink they at his presence,
His glance doth as the lightning smite:
"Him would we foully murder——
The gods are his preservers——
O swallow us thou earth from sight!"

"He lives, the lord of song! securely
The singer dwells 'neath heavenly care——
Tho' vengeance craves your life breath surely
Arion yet your blood would spare:
Go, slaves of greed forever,
Where mid barbarians never,
Your souls may aught of beauty share."

1864.

IN WESTMINSTER.

[A Vision.]

(*Butz.*)

The mighty organ roll died note by note
Along the pillared aisles —— the last light tone
Expiring quivered through the awful vault
Of the high dome —— the evening shadows wove
Their dusky veils about the lofty pillars ——
The world of sepulchers around; Walhalla
Of Britain's immortality grew dim,
And spread more vast, in ever deep'ning gloom.
The cold white marble figures ghost-like yet
Upon their shadowed pedestals did glimmer:
And in the Poets' angle sat I musing,
Yet but a youth, of my far fatherland
Which cast me exiled forth —— dreamily musing.

It was a sultry evening hour of summer,
And red as blood the sun had sunk below;
In evening vapors lay the giant city;
As well that other sun had sunk to rest
Which had with fitful gleam the world illumed

Waking the blossoms which did trust in Spring
That under storms had dawned upon the earth
But which, alas, was only Spring's precursor,
And which, by icy tempests overwhelmed,
Lay buried now with all its tender bloom.
In lustre all renewed glared every crown,
In light demoniac, in the people's stillness.
And died away on Hungary's mountain heights,
The last deep roll of Freedom's battle thunder.

So,——

Found I myself in the wide temple dreaming,
Where slumbers coffined Albion's ancient time:
There where the graves do speak, and every stone
Proclaims the fame and greatness of a people;
Before my eyes, outstretched in distance lay,
The seven hundred buried years that sank
Since the first ashlar with his fellow joined
To rear a temple here to God most high.
To giant letters saw I round me turn
The sarcophagi which in brass and marble
The muse of History had sculptured here.

In long drawn lines, I see them passing by ——
The dead of centuries on centuries;
The proud luxurious hosts of monk and dean ——
In every trait the walking prebend shines ——
The funeral pageantry of many kings!
There go the Templars' earnest valiant hosts
With banners waving and with falchions clinking,
Who their protector to the grave conduct!
There the third Edward's giant sword shines out
In its old bloody glare upon his tomb,
As if still trampling stood the leopard, on
The sacred oriflamme of haughty France!
Now the fifth Henry's royal train goes by
On to the sepulcher —— the Alexander
Of Britain in his narrow house to lay:
Who proudly fell asleep in victory's transport.
Methinks e'en Falstaff follows in the throng
The scorned and banished, weeping scalding tears.

And yonder catafalque's luxurious pomp
Conceals her coffin, Britain's noblest woman!
The bowing prelates murmur half suppressed

The prayers of death around the queen's cold dust:
To Henry Tudor's monument they pass ——
The grave is open —— to the deep goes down
The coffin —— creak the cords —— Ah! heardst thou not
From yonder near sarcophagus a sigh ——
From yonder grave where rests the scottish queen?
The victim bids her murd'ress welcome here,
To her last slumber by her sister's side,
By her, the Catholic and bloody Mary.

And ever passing go new hosts on hosts:
The sea gives back its mighty dead —— those who
For England's fame in powder smoke went down
Beneath the wave —— a long unmeasured line:
Admirals renowned, whose flag ere now proclaimed
Victory on every sea —— heroes whose arms
The far Carnatic's haughty princes smote;
The British standard planted on their walls.
Seringapatam and Mysore —— those who
A kingdom conquered that had once withstood
The Macedonian's storm accustomed phalanx.
And Talaveras', Salamanca's victors,
Here rest they in the Pantheon of the brave.

The Quebec stormer whom Death called away
As trumpets sounded for the victory,
Lies dreaming here that once a world he conquered.
In long lines glimmer from the chiseled marble
The great old battle names —— the days of honor
To Britain's arms, from Blenheim's field of blood,
Unto that struggle with a dying giant,
Which Waterloo is named.

Yes, here is England !
Upon his socle sits the mighty Isaac,
Who once did weigh the sun upon his balance —
There within Freedom's arms sinks dying Fox,
From the long contest weary —— at his feet
Rests the unshackled slave —— there Wilberforce
From yonder corner, smiles upon his friend.

And round them here the heroes, chiefs of thought !
Before them all, in his white marble beauty,
Shines the great William, calm, serenely smiling,
He at whose feet the vision me enwound,
Within the mausoleum of a nation.

Yes, here is England !
The sea engirdled, who her trident swings
On every sea of Earth: whose path is through
All oceans' billows forward; whose proud home
Is on the mighty deep, whose free soil stands
Th' asylum of the fugitive and banished,
Which knows no fetters, and which knows no scourge
O'er which her wings doth Freedom move.

But woe !
A thunder stroke shakes thro' and thro' Westminster;
It is as tho' the stone built pile throughout
Did rack unto its uttermost foundations ——
It is as tho' the fast'nings of the earth
Did loose themselves —— as though the island proud,
From her deep anchor ground beneath loose torn
In the wild storm, went reeling on the waves.
Voices confused with clangor fill the vault,
A wailing cry of crushed and trodden nations,
Demoniac execrations, hollow death sighs,
The sound of scourges on the naked shoulders
Of the down trampled Hindoo; from all deeps,
Of Ocean, and from out a million graves

The voice half suffocated of an age
Already dead, that up to freedom struggled,
And dashed awreck on yonder chalky cliffs,
England's cold glistening icy storm defenders.
Then an own people's shrillest sorrow shriek ——
The sound most marrow piercing of the wail,
Rings cutting thro' the lofty halls above,
And England's misery stands in anger near
To England's glory.

There
Veils he his count'nance deep, ah! Wilberforce.
In Freedom's bosom Fox his eyes conceals,
And over Canning's lofty forehead comes
Black shadows of approaching destiny.
Unshaken only stands the younger Pitt,
Cold in his marble, as his heart in life.

And now a lightning flame burns thro' the structure,
The brass doors open spring, a breath of life
Pierces the hall of death, and humming sounds
Full many thousand voiced, a powerful choir
From voices to and fro, as sounds a sea,
Ere yet the storm's high dominant resounds;

And see in front there comes a sombre man,
And there is trembling in the graves of kings:
And totter all the 'scutchions of the barons;
And in the seventh Henry's gorgeous chapel
He hurls a king's head; hollow on the walls
Echoes his voice; one word alone he utters,
The same that years ago rang from a scaffold;
And thundering rolls that awful word "*remember*!"

Well known to me was he,
For in my dreams I saw him oft descending,——
That visage grim, that wart above the brows——
Dark earnestness in all his features, yes,
It was the hero, he whose spirit stern,
Still thro' the wide spread Island Kingdom walks,
The noblest incarnation of an age
That with him laid itself within his coffin;
Yet which hung not with him on Stuart's gallows,
And which he yet shall waken with his voice
When the hour comes——

Then sounded far,
From dome of high St. Paul the peal of bells
And I awoke, and up to Shakespeare's features

I cast my eyes with an inquiring glance;
But he, the immortal, silent did remain,
With marble finger pointing to the tablet,
Within his hand.

And soon encircled me
Again, the great world city's noisy throng.

Transl. 1863.

On Shakespeare's monument are these words from "The Tempest:" — "The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces," etc.

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

Kerner.

Praising much in glowing language,
Each his realm and riches all,
Sat there many German princes,
Once in Worms' imperial hall.

"Lordly," said the prince of Saxe,
"Is my country and its might;
Deep in many shafts, its mountains,
Hide the veins of silver bright."

"See my land in flowing fullness;"
Said the ruler from the Rhine:
"Golden harvests in the vallies,
On the mountains lordly wine."

"Noble cities, richest cloisters,"
Ludwig of Bavaria said,
"Cause that my domain shall ever,
Stand for treasure at the head."

Spoke then Eberhard the bearded,
Wurtemburg's beloved lord:
"In my land are little cities,
In its crags no silver hoard.

"Yet one treasure hath it hidden,
That in every forest deep,
I may lay my head in safety,
In each subject's lap and sleep.

Then he cried, the Saxon ruler,
The Bavarian, he from Rhine;
"Bearded prince, thou art the richest!
Gems are in this land of thine!"

THE DIVER.

(*Schiller.*)

"Who ventures it knight or esquire, below
To the gulf's dark throat to leap?
A golden beaker within I throw;
Already the black mouth swallows it deep:
Who again the beaker shall bring to me,
He shall possess it, his own shall it be!"

The king thus spoke, and beneath did throw,
From the cliff, which rugged and steep
Outhung o'er the limitless sea below, —
The cup in Charybdis' howling deep.
"Who is the bold hearted, I ask again,
Who dares to plunge in the roaring main?"

And the knights and 'squires that round him stood,
Hear all, but silent remain ——
Looking down on the turbulent ocean flood,
And none the beaker will strive to gain.
And the king the third time demands to know
If none dare venture his life below?

And knight and squire stood dumb as before,
When a bold hearted stripling true,
Stood forth from the serviters' trembling corps,
His girdle loosed and his mantle threw;
And all, both women and men, their eyes
On the brave youth fasten in deep surprise.

And now as he steps on the rocky marge,
And looks in the gulf below;
The floods it has swallowed, in measureless charge,
Charybdis roaring did backward throw:
And as with the far off thunder's boom,
They foaming gushed from that lap of gloom.

And it wallowed and seethed, and roared and hissed,
As when water and fire contend:
Till to heaven is jetted the fuming mist,
And floods upon floods follow on without end,
And yet unexhausted or emptied outpour,
As though Ocean in travail an ocean bore.

At length hushed its tumult the turbulent might,
And a black yawning chasm below,
Gaped bottomless down thro' the spuming white,

As though to the spaces of Hell did it go.
And rushing, the maddening billows go on,
Down into the eddying vortex drawn.

Now quickly the youth ere the surges rebound,
Commits him to God, and —— lo!
A shriek of horror is heard around, ——
Already the whirlpool has swept him below;
And closes the gorge the bold swimmer o'er,
And with mystery locked, he is seen no more.

Now 'tis still o'er the vortex, and only is heard
The hollow roar of the swell;
And trembles from mouth unto mouth the words,
"High hearted stripling, farewell, farewell!"
And hollower, hollower, heard is the sound,
And they linger in fearful suspense around.

"And didst thou the crown itself cast within,
And say, he that bringeth it here,
Shall wear it himself, and the kingdom win,
Not I would covet the prize so dear,
What the roaring deep doth under conceal,
May no living fortunate soul reveal."

"Full many a bark in the whirlpool fast,
Shot headlong beneath the wave;
But crushed, only wrung itself keel or mast,
Forth out of that greedy, all swallowing grave."
And like the storm voice, clearer and clearer,
The coming roar sounds nearer and nearer.

And it wallows and seethes and leaps and fumes,
As when water and fire contend;
Till to heaven is jetted the hissing spume,
And wave upon wave throngs on without end:
And as with the distant thunder's boom,
They foaming out gush from that death dark womb,

But see! From the billowing, darkened abyss,
Rises something that swan white shows;
An arm, and a glancing bare neck it is,
And with strength it earnestly onward rows ——
And 'tis he! 'tis he! in his left hand high,
He swings the beaker, with signs of joy!

And long and deeply he breathes in air,
And greets he the heaven light free;
Exulting shouts each to the other there,

"He lives! it can hold him not! 'tis he!
From the grave, from the whirling water hell,
The brave hath rescued the living soul well!"

He comes, and the jubilant hosts press round,
And before the king's feet he falls;
He gives him the cup as he kneels on the ground,
And the king his beautiful daughter calls;
She fills it with wine that sparkling burns;
And now the youth to the monarch turns.

"Long live the king! O happy is he,
Who breathes in this rosy beam:
But fearful it is in the depth to be,
And man, let him tempt not the gods supreme,
Nor ever, ever desire to reveal
What thro' grace, they in horror and night conceal."

"It snatched me down as lightning swift,
Till with eddying sweep did rush,
Mad on me a flood from the cavernous rift;
And seized me the double stream's furious gush,
Like a top in its dizzying circle shot,
It spun me around —— I could hinder it not."

"Then showed me, God, to whom I did cry
In that highest fearfulest need,
From the deep uprising, a rock reef high,
I seized it, and 'scaped thus from death indeed!
And there on the coral the beaker hung,
Which had else in the bottomless depth been flung!

"For beneath me lay it yet, mountain deep,
In purplish darkness there;
And tho' here to the ear 'tis an endless sleep,
The eye with shuddering beheld, as 'twere
Salamander, lizard, and dragon fell,
Groping all below, thro' that throat of Hell."

"There black in horrible mixture swarmed, ——
In clumps abhorrent rolled in
The haumer's hideous bulk deformed.
The thorny roach, and cray-fish grim;
And threat'ning on me, with white teeth stark,
Gnashed the sea's hyena, the terrible shark!

"There hung I with shuddering conciousness pressed,
So far from all human aid ——
Among phantoms, the only feeling breast,

Alone in that solitude's awful shade;
Deep down, from all voice that is human, placed
By the monster that dwells in that doleful waste.

And shuddering, thought I, when crawled it near,
Its hundred limbs unclasped,
Will clutch at me —— in the phrensying fear,
Let loose I the coral branch I grasped;
Then seized me the eddy's infuriate might;
Yet it saved me, it bore me again to the light.

This heard the king in amazement sheer;
And said he, "the beaker is thine!
This ring beside, I bestow on thee here,
Adorned with the costliest gems that shine.
Wilt thou dare once more, and bring word to me,
What thou seest in the undermost depth of the sea?"

But this heard the daughter, and moved in dismay,
With blandishing mouth she implores:
"Hold father! Enough of this horrible play;
He has stood to thee now as none ever before——
And shouldst thou the heart's reckless passions not tame
Might the squires put the honors of knighthood to shame!"

Thereat grasped the beaker, right quickly the king,
In the whirlpool he hurled it once more;
'And if thou the cup to me here again bring,
Shalt thou be the chief of all knights in my corps;
And her as thy bride, yet this day shall embrace,
Who sues for thee now with such pitying grace."

Then seizes a heaven power his spirit upon,
As lightning his eye flashes bright;
He sees, blushing crimson, the beautiful one:
Again she grows pallid and sinks in his sight;
Impelled, he the treasure so priceless to gain,
For life or death, leaps to the vortex again.

Full loud sound the surges, and back do they sweep;
They utter their thundering roar:
There bends she, and lovingly looks in the deep,
The waters they come and they come, as before,
The waters rush up and rush down as before;
But none bring the youth to the shore.

1862.

RIDDLE.

(*Schiller*)

A building stands of the olden time,
It is no temple, it is no house:
A rider a hundred days might ride
He goes not round it, he rides not out.

Centuries now are over it flown,
It time defies, and the tempests' sweep,
Free stands it under the heavenly dome,
It reaches the clouds and bathes in the deep.

Not idle passion hath bid it tower,
It saves and guards, and for use it stands,
Its like cannot on the earth be found,
And yet 'tis the work of human hands.

RIDDLE.

(*Schiller*)

Among the shepherds in a valley,
Appeared with every coming year,
Soon as the lark first waked his carol,
A maiden wonderful and fair.

She was not in the valley born,
And whence she came none ever knew;
And soon all trace of her was lost,
When e'er her presence she withdrew.

Around and near her all was blessed,
And every heart grew larger there:
Yet lofty dignity repressed,
All intimacy with the fair

And with her brought she fruits and flowers,
Gathered from off some other plain;
Beneath another sunlight's power,
And where some happier nature reigns.

And unto each a gift she gave,
Of fruits to these, of flowers to those,
The youth and grey-beard on his staff,
Each with presents homeward goes..

Welcome to her was every guest,
Yet when there came a loving pair,
To them she gave the gift the best,
The flower of all most beauteous there.

1864.

THE BRIDGE.

(*Grun.*)

There's a wond'rous bridge, and o'er it,
Joyous loves pass to and fro;
There with sweetest balsam breathings,
Airs of Spring forever blow.

Forth from heart to heart extending,
Leads the bridge its wondrous way;
Yet alone to Love 'tis open,
Love, and those who own her sway.

Love alone its parts hath builded,
All its forms of roses plied:
Soul to soul thereon doth wander,
As the bridegroom to the bride.

Love did form its beauteous arches,
finished and adorned the whole:
Love doth stand thereon as keeper,
Kisses are the bridge's toll.

Sweetest maiden, wouldst thou gladly,
Such a bridge of wonder see?
Be it so, yet must thou truly,
Join in building it with me.

Chase the clouds from off thy forehead,
Let my eyes thy love glance meet,
Join thy lips to mine in kisses,
And the bridge is all complete.

1864.

PROLOGUE.

(*Grun.*)

Laughing eye in eye, and twining,
Arm in arm, once East and West,
Twin born pair, with love encircled
In one cradle yet caressed.

Ahriman the evil saw it;
Him the sight to anger woke;
Swung his sorcery rod in anger,
Red the lightnings from it broke.

Instant, as a giant serpent,
Coiling, rearing twixt the two,
Yonder mountain chain eternal,
Midway in their bed he threw.

Hung he then the air's high curtain
All impenetrably deep;
Spread the endless sea's Sahara,
Raging twixt the two to sweep.

But Ormuzd the good and kindly,
Smiling at such wicked spite,
Waved his magic wand supernal,
Starry, glittering, golden bright.

See! upon her dove wings sweeping,
From the farthest ether kissed,
Hastens smiling Love, contriving,
How may greet the East and West.

Blossom odor, dew and blessing,
In the East man's soul inhales ——
Rises cloudlike, falls as rain drops
Mild on western plains and vales.

And the bridge he has suspended,
From the East to West which swings:
Phantasy, which like the rainbow,
O'er the towering mountains springs.

Through the spreading wastes of ocean,
As a silver swan along,
Twixt the east and western headlands
Floats the choral bark of song.

1853.

EVENING

(*Schiller,*)

Sink O radiant god ! the plains are thirsting,
After the quickening dew -- and men do languish,
Wearily go the horses——
Lower thy chariot down.

See ! who from out the ocean's chrystaline billows
Lovely, smiling, beckons thee, --- knoweth thy heart her?
Swifter fly the horses,
Tettys the godly beckons.

Quick from the chariot, down to her arms
Springs the conductor, the bridle grasps Cupid.
Still hold the horses,
Drinking the cooling flood.

Now on the heaven with light flying footsteps
Hastens the odorous night; -- sweet love doth follow;
Rest now and love;
Phœbus the loving doth rest.

1856.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

(*Schiller.*)

The oak wood murmurs,
The clouds pass o'er,
The maiden sitteth
Upon the green shore.
They break, the billows, with might, with might,
And she sighs without on the gloomy night,
Her eyes are dim with weeping.

"The heart is perished,
The world is void;
It gives no longer
The wished for joy.
Thou holy one, call back thy child, O call!
I have tasted the earthly happiness all;
I have lived and loved, 'tis over."

"In vain the tear drops,
Of sorrow may pour,
Lamenting awakens
The dead nevermore;
Yet know what comforts and heals the heart,
When the vanishing pleasures of love depart
I, the heavenly one, will not deny thee.

"Let flow then the teer drops,
Though vainly they pour:
Though weeping awakens
The dead nevermore!
The holiest balm for the sorrowing heart,
When love's bright pleasures shall vanished depart,
Is love's own pain and complaining."

1853.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

(*Schiller.*)

Firmly walled within the earth,
Now the form of burnt clay stands;
'Tis the day the bell has birth,
Fresh, my fellows, be to hand.
From the heated brow,
Must the sweat run now.
Should the work the master praise,
Yet from heaven the blessing comes.

With work we earnestly prepare,
Agrees full well an earnest tone;
For when good words conduct it, there
Shall fly the labor lightly on.
So let us now with care devise.
What through but feeble strength upsprings
The baser man man will all despise,
Who ne'er bethought what he outbrings:
'Tis ever thus, what man adorns,
And thence 'tis his to understand

That he in inner heart may trace
What he createth with his hand.

Take the wood of fir tree stems,
Yet it must indeed be dry,
That the inmost pressing flame
Strike within the throat thereby;
Cook the copper stew,
Quick the tin add to,
That the tough bell mixture so,
In the proper manner flow.

That which within the bank's deep pit,
The hand by help of Fire's power
May build, shall witness loud for us
High on the bell room of the tower;
Endure it will to latest days
And move o'er many a human ear:
And with the troubled will complain,
And mingle with the pious choir.
What e'er to sons of Earth below
The changing fates' decrees shall bring.
That strikes on the metalic crown,
That it enlivening farther rings.

Now white blazes see I springing.
Well ! the masses are in flow;
Let the alkali be mingled,
That demands the casting now;
For from scum all free
Must the mixture be,
That from purest metal all,
Pure and full the sound shall fall.

For with the festive note of joy
Will it the loved infant greet,
Upon its earliest stage of life,
Which it begins in arms of sleep.
For him within Time's bosom lies,
The darker lot, or brighter prize.
The loving mother's tender care,
Still guards his golden morning fair.

The years fly on with arrow speed ——
He from his maiden tears him proudly,
On wand'ring staff the world he roams:
He strives in life's wild storm without ——
A stranger comes he to his home;
And beauteous in her youthful bloom,

An image from the heavenly strand,
With cheeks of bashful modesty,
He sees the maid before him stand:
A nameless longing seizes on
The youngling's heart, he wanders lone,
The flowing tears break from his eyes,
His brothers' wilder sports he flies;
He blushing wanders on her trace,
And from her greeting blest is he.
All beauties seeks he on the plain,
Wherewith his love adorned shall be.
O tender longing, sweetest hoping,
Love's first and golden hours possess!
The eye then sees the heaven open,
And swells the heart with blessedness.
O that it might eternal prove ——
The blissful time of youthful love!

See how now the pipes are browning,
Now this staff I thrust within;
See, 'tis overglazed already,
Now the flowing must begin.
Now my fellows, move,

We the mixture prove,
That the brittle with the tender,
May a proper mixture render.

For where the harsh and tender pair,
Where strength is unto mildness joined,
There is thereby a perfect sound;
Which prove they who forever bind
Themselves; though heart to heart, they find
The joy is short, repentance long.

Lovely in the bride's fair locks,
Do her maiden garlands play,
When the church bell's ringing voice,
Summons to the festal day;
Ah! life's fairest festival,
Ends as life's serenest May;
With the girdle, with the veil
Tears the lovely joy away.
The passion flees,
Love must remain!
The bloom must fade,
The fruit must spring;
Man must without,

In hostle life,
Must work and strive,
And plant and get,
And seize and procure,
And venture and wage,
Fortune to win.

Then flows in hither unending gifts,
The storehouse is filled with precious goods
The rooms increase, the house grows large;

And therein controls
The housewife discreet,
The children's mother;
And wisely orders
In household circle,
And teaches the maidens,
The boys controlling;
And moves without end
The diligent hands;
And augments the winnings
With orderly thought.

And fills with treasures the odorous chests,
And draws from the whizzing spindle the thread,

And gathers in cleanly and polished presses,
The glistening wool, and snowy linen,
And joins to the good both lustre and light,
And rests not ever.

And the father with happy look,
From the dwelling's far-seeing gable
Recounts his fortune's blooming ,
Sees the posts' projecting beams
And the barn's well furnished rooms:
Extols himself with mouth of pride;
Fast as the Earth's foundations,
Stands the glory of my house
Against misfortune's might !
Yet with the power of fate
Can no eternal bond be twined,
And misfortune quickly speeds.

Well ! the flow can now begin;
Now the fracture toothed we see
Yet before we let it run,
Pray a favorable decree:
Strike the stopple out,
God protect the house

Smoking in the circle's bow.
Shoots with fiery waves the flow.

Beneficent is Fire's might
When it by man is curbed and watched;
What he doth fashion, what create,
For that he thanks this Heaven power.
Yet fearful shall the Heaven power be
When it the shackles tears away
And onward goes on its own path,
The daughter free, of Nature.
Woe when she sets loose,
Growing without hindrance!
Through the peopled streets
Rolls the awful conflagration,
For the elements do hate
The creations of man's hand.

Out of the clouds
Flow the blessings,
Showers the rain;
Out of the clouds without choice,
Starts the lightning!
Hear ye it whining high from the tower?

That is the storm
Red as blood
Is the heaven !
That is not the glow of day !
What a tumult
On the streets !
Smoke uprolls ——
Beckoning mounts the fire pillars
Through the steeets' extended lines
Forth it spreads with speed of winds,
Burning as from oven's mouth
Glows the air,
Rafters crack,
Pillars start, windows clink,
Children wail, mothers wander,
Beasts whine
Under ruins;
All run, rescue, save,
Day bright is the night illumined;
Through the lengthened lines of hands
Fly the buckets; high in arches
Spout the gushing water billows
Roaring comes the winged storm

Which the rushing flame impels,
Crackling in the scorching grain,
Leaping in the garner's cells,
On the rafters' parching beams.
And as she would in agony
Take up the burden of the Earth
Tear it in her mighty flight;
Grows she to the heavens high,
Giant, great,
Hopeless.
To the God-strength man submits.
Useless sees he all his effort,
And astonished, all surrenders.
Empty, burnt,
Is the place;
The wild tempest's savage bed,
In the vacant window places
Dwells dismay;
And the clouds of heaven look
From high within.

Yet a look
Toward the grave

Of his fortune
Sends back man;
Grasps joyously his wander-staff.
What fire's rage has him despoiled,
One comfort sweet to him remains ——
He counts the heads of his beloved,
And lo! there lacks no precious one.

Note:—— This translation, written in or about 1860, seems not to have been completed, or the remainder is lost. Whether the writer intended putting it it in rhyme is uncertain; perhaps it better expresses the feeling of Schiller, as arranged, in blank verse.

THE SINGER'S CURSE.

(*Uhland.*)

There stood in olden ages, a castle fair and grand;
Far shone it to the sea side, across the pleasant land;
And 'round it odorous gardens as blooming garlands lay,
And ever springing fountains, in rainbow light did play.

TRANSLATIONS.

There dwelt a haughty monarch, in lands and conquests great,
And pale and gloomy sat he, upon his throne of state:
For what he thinks is terror, and what he looks is wrath,
And what he speaks is torture, and what he writes is death.

Once came unto this castle, a noble minstrel pair,
The one of golden ringlets, the other gray of hair;
With harp in hand, the elder, a noble charger rode,
And buoyantly beside him, his blooming comrade strode.

Then said to him the elder: "Now be prepared, my son,
Think well our deepest meanings, and sound our fullest tone;
Be all our powers in concert —— of joy, and sorrow's smart.
For we to-day must soften, the monarch's flinty heart."

Soon stand they, both the singers, the palace hall within,
And on his throne sat proudly, the despot and his queen ——
The king in fearful splendor, as th' bloody north-light's glare,
The queen in saintly mildness, as shines the full moon fair.

Then struck his harp the ancient, and wond'rous was the sound;
And richer, ever richer, the concords swelled around.
Then streamed with heavenly clearness, the stripling's voice of fire,
With the elder's notes immingling like a distant spirit choir.

They sang of love in springtime —— of the golden days of youth——
Of human worth and freedom ——of holiness and truth ——
They sang of all things sweetest, that move the heart with love;
Of all things high and glorious, which bear the soul above!

The courtly host assembled, each jest and scoff forgot,
And bowed the trusty warriors, to God, in solemn thought.
The queen, dissolved in transport, with holy rapture pressed,
Cast down upon the singers the rose from off her breast.

"Ye have enticed my people, and seek ye now my queen?
The tyrant cried in madness, and hurled his falchion keen:
Swift through the stripling's bosom, as lightning did it go —
Instead of golden numbers, a blood stream thence did flow.

As by a tempest scattered, flies all the list'ning swarm.
The youth in death sinks gasping, upon his master's arm ——
He winds him in his mantle, and sets him on his steed,
And binds him upright firmly, and bears him thence with speed.

But as the lofty portal the gray haired singer passed,
He grasped the harp, the wond'rous, which every harp surpassed;
Against a marble pillar, he crushed it, and he cried,
With awful voice that echoed through hall and garden wide:

TRANSLATIONS.

"Woe to you, halls of splendor! Henceforth no more shall swell
Within you song's sweet concords, nor tones of harp or shell;
But only sighs and groanings and tramp of slaves instead,
Till you to dust and ruin th' avenging spirits tread!

"Woe you ye blooming gardens, which shine in beauteous May,
To you this ghastly visage of death I show to-day;
That seeing, ye may wither —— that every fount be dry ——
That all, through coming ages, a stony desert lie.

"Woe! Woe! O wicked murd'rer! Thou cursed in Heaven's name,
In vain is all thy striving for wreathes of bloody fame.
Thy name shall be forgotten —— in night eternal lost ——
Extinguished as a death groan that on the winds is tossed.

The gray haired bard hath spoken, the Heavens have heard the cry;
The walls to earth are crumbled, the halls in rubbish lie;
Yet one high shaft stands witness, of glory passed away,
But this, already shattered, may fall within a day.

Instead of odorous gardens, a doleful desert land,
No tree there casts a shadow, no spring leaps through the sand —
The king's name none hath mentioned, in song or hero-verse,
Extinguished and forgotten —— this is the singer's curse!

1863.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

(*Schneckenburger.*)

There comes a voice like thunder's peal,
Like breakers' shock and clang of steel;
"To the Rhine! To the Rhine! for the German land!
Who will the stream's defender stand?

Chorus:

Rest Fatherland, no fear be thine,
Firm stands and true, the guard of the Rhine!

Through thousand thousands thrills the cry
And lightnings gleam in every eye,
The German youth in duty bold
Shall well the sacred landmark hold.

Up looks he to the Heavens' blue round,
Whence souls of heroes all look down,
And swears in proudest battle zest,
Thou Rhine stayst German as my breast.

And e'en in death my heart be numb,
No alien then shalt thou become,
Rich as in water is thy flood,
Is Deutschland aye in hero blood!

While glows one drop of blood unpoured,
While yet one arm can draw the sword,
Or yet one hand the fire-lock span,
No alien tread shall soil thy strand.

The oath resounds, the wave sweeps on,
The banners in the winds are thrown:
To the Rhine ! To the Rhine ! for the German land !
We all in line defenders stand !

Note:— This translation— made over forty years ago, in compliment to the German members of his Masonic Lodge, has not been printed, within the editor's knowledge, tho' it was once sent to a newspaper, (after the writer's death) by his daughter.
It is a perfect and beautiful work, as any student of poetry may see by studying the original, and other translations.

THE GRAVE ROSE.

(*Grun.*)

Thou grave-rose fastenest well thy roots,
In her pure heart below;
The breath of her eternal sleep,
Hath bid thy germ to grow.

Thou sippest all thy life and glow,
From life blood of her breast;
She ever joy and pleasure gave,
And gives still in her rest.

Thy smiles and odors thou hast drawn
From her, and made thine own:
Thy crimson chalice paintest thou
From her red cheeks alone.

Thy purpled leaves thou takest from
Her lips' own crimson rare;
Thence are they now so red, so pure,
So odorous and so fair.

She gave thee odors, colors, leaves,
She gave thy life its flame;
Yet whence hast thou thy thorns O Rose!
From her they never came.

O welcome then, and dwell with me,
When pressed by hate and night:
Remimd me by thy glowing disk
Of love, and morning light.

THE DYING FLOWER.

(*Ruckert.*)

Poet:

Hope! Thou yet shalt truly know
Spring, returning with its joys.
Hope not all the plants that grow
Which the Autumn blast destroys?
Hope they all with silent strength,
All the dreary winter through;
Till the sap upsprings at length,
All their verdure to renew.

Flower:

Ah! No stalwart tree am I,
Which a thousand summers lives —
Which, when Winter's dream is by,
Newer vernal poems weaves.
Ah! I am the flower alone
Which the May's sweet kisses waked;
One of whom no trace is known,
When with white its grave is decked.

Poet:

If thou art a flower indeed,
Modest spirit, comfort thee;
Is there not allotted seed
Unto all the flowers that be ?
Let the ruthless Death storm now —
All thy life-dust wildly strew;
From the scattered germs shalt thou,
Thousand times thyself renew.

Flower:

Yes, there after me shall come
Others like me — endless all
Is the universal bloom;
'Tis each single one must fall.
But are they what I have been ?
I, myself, shall be no more;
Only now my life is mine,
Not hereafter, not before.

When the sunbeam wakes their bloom —
That which now throughout me flames —
Naught shall that assuage the doom,
Which to darkness me condemns.
Sun ! Thou oglest to them now,

In the distance, where they be —
Wherefore from the clouds dost thou
Laugh with frosty scorn at me?

Woe was me, to trust thee, when
Kissed me first awake thy ray —
That thine eye I gazed on then,
Till it stole my life away.
This poor life's remains t' withdraw,
From thy pity, lock I me,
Fast with feverish firmness now,
In myself and 'scape from thee —

Yet thou melt'st my wrath away,
Stubborn ice to tears that pour;
Take my fleeing life I pray
To thyself, for ever more.
Yes, thou sunnest with thy flame,
From my soul, the griefs it bore
All of good from thee which came,
Thee in dying thank I for.

Every morning breeze of Spring,
Summer winds to which I swayed —
Every butterfly's bright wing,

Which around me dancing played.
All the eyes my glance refreshed —
Hearts with odors cheered by me —
As of sheen and fragrance blent
Thou hast made me, thank I thee.

Though so small, thy world t'adorn,
Thou didst let me here remain;
Garnishing the field at morn,
As the stars the heavenly plain.
Here a breath I heave and last,
Not a sigh for what has been:
On the heavens one look I cast,
One, the beauteous world within.

Deathless flame-heart of the world,
Let my life expire in thine!
Heaven, be thy blue tent unfurled,
Faded, here shall perish mine.
Hail O Spring, thy glances all!
Hail O Morning-breeze, thy wing!
Without grief asleep I fall!
Without hope again to spring!

1863.

TRANSLATIONS.

TIMES OF DAY

(*Grun.*)

Thither come I, when I may,
So by night and so by day;
Ever no her grave is seen,
Glancing dew, as silver's sheen.

Doth the Morning earthward come
Ever hastes he to her tomb.
Scattering on her hillock lone,
Offerings, pearls and precious stones.

Passeth by her place of rest
Eve, with song and odors blest.
Sheds she soft drops on her tomb,
That the blossoms fresher bloom.

When in prayer and sorrow still,
Night is on the freshened hill ——
Struggles forth a silent tear
From her eye so great and clear.

More than Morning, Eve, or Night,
Noon-day bringeth dew-drops bright;
Though beside her mossy stone,
Stand but I, but I alone!

To
JESSIE FREMONT.
From the German Women of St. Louis.

(*Butz.*)

Mid war's alarms and battles' blaze,
While stands a world in arms arrayed,
We swell the Hero's meed of praise,
Whose brow the whispering laurels shade.
Though Woman's hand no sword may wield,
Devote and bless the steel she may,
Which wins for us on Freedom's field —
And strew with flowers the warriors way,

O happiest lot hast thou through time!
The chosen one of thousands thou!
With him to walk the path sublime,

Which leads on life's fair summit now.
Such as these blossom colors bright,
Art thou upon his life to shine;
Around his boughs the oak of might
May well the blooming tendril twine.

The German wives, while war-notes swell,
For thee love-tribute here prepare;
The girdle have they wrought as well,
Whereon the chief his sword shall bear.
Girt with the honors of our land,
He to the lists of Death will go:
Even as the Spartan wife the brand,
We with it yet a flower —— bestow.

Take then these children of the morn,
Whose beam did kiss them first awake ——
Thy own Pathfinder to adorn,
These blossoms of our choice O take !
We wait another flower more bright,
Which blooms but by the falchion's glare,
In Freedom's sanctuary of light
Yet lay our blooming garland fair.

THE SORROW--BEARER.

(*Grun.*)

From the tomb in funeral garb arrayed,
To her garden comes the buried maid;
Garden she had reared with fostering care —
Well it might for her deep sorrow bear.

"Lilies, pure as my own heart, and dear,
Well ye weep your fallen sister here !
Ah ! the lilies weep no more for me !
Tearless every chalice now I see !

"O my roses, so beloved, 'tis well,
That your cheeks grown pale your sorrow tell, ——
Ah ! no paleness do the roses show, ——
All in charming beauteousness ye glow !

Nightingale, my heart's own heart, 'tis well
Grief forbids thy breast with song to swell, ——
Ah ! not silent is the nightingale,
From the boughs his music fills the vale.

"Blossom tree, in grief thy head bends o'er ——
She that cared for thee returns no more!
Ah! the tree bends not in sorrow now,
Joyous to the skies it lifts its brow."

Lo! a youth, unseen before, she sees
Standing by the flowers, beneath the trees.
"Speak, O stranger! Wherefore at this hour
Dost thou seek the death-cold maiden's
bower?"

"For the roses, I with grief am pale;
Mute my voice is, for the nightingale ——
Bows my head in sorrow for the tree,
For the lilies weep I still for thee."

THE SINGER--HOSTS.

(*Grun.*)

I slept in an odorous elm grove's shade,
Where cold in his coffin a bard was laid.
The birds there sang me to slumbering soon,
And rustled the branches as songs to their tune.

And now when sleep every eye did enfold,
And grief and love only, their vigils did hold,
There rattled and shook both the coffin and grate,
And shook and sprung open both casket and gate.

As wave upon wave on a turbulent sea,
A host on the coffin come forth did I see:
Many thousands of figures —— a jostling throng,
And harps in their bony hands bore they along.

Their lips were withered; their look was cold,
Their shrivelled cheeks were sunken and old;

And with hands all shrunken, and fingers numb
They beat and hammered their harp-strings dumb.

And still as beat they, and hammered they all,
No sound or tune on mine ear did fall ——
Only owls from their hiding places flew out,
And goblins grinned from the rocks about.

And the grass beneath them grew withered and
failed;
And the moon her beauteous countenance veiled;
So nightly they clacked, until midnight, no less,
Their song, never ending, "*Forgetfulness.*"

Then a sound, as of trump of an angel did fall,
As when Earth unto life the Eternal did call;
The grove's thick branches did rustle and ring,
And whispered the meadows, the streams did sing.

And thousands in turn to the coffin pressed,
And the harping rabble all tumbled to rest.
And sprung on the coffin a host again,
While a race of singers began their strain.

A heart warm race for all time to be,
And nursed at the breast of Eternity;
Their eyes as lightning, yet sweetly
mild——
As Love's rosy image, each countenance
smiled.

And lo! each one of the princely choir,
Upheld, full ringing, the sounding lyre;
As the Seraph's prayer, as the lauwine's
clang:
O'er the echoing fields the full chorus rang.

The waters heard it, and muffled their sound,
The roses bloomed, as in springtime around;
And all about, in the moon's bright glance,
Thronged Elfin children in joyous dance.

The trees their heads did in rapture shake,
The birds dreamed sweetly, on bower and
brake;
So nightly they sang, until midnight went
by,
Their endless song, "*Immortality*!"

As though music greeted, and rose entwined,
The sinking sun thro' a mountain cave shined;
So thro' Earth and air did a brightness flow,
And the singers all sank to the grave below.

When roused from my slumber, behold! the sun
In the Eastern horizon his course had begun;
The stones were firm, and the grate locked fast,
And lightly the morning breeze over them passed.

And the singers are now to their rest withdrawn,
All, all, to their dwelling eternal gone;
Yet one of their songs in my soul shall dwell,
That sing I, and will I, in dying, as well.

Yet with which of those choirs I my song shall swell,
All judging Time, thou shall truly tell!
When over my dust shall the grave-rose spring,
With one of those hosts I my song shall sing.

Translator's note: "The above piece in the original, is remarkable for smoothness of rythm; this could not, in all cases, be preserved in the translation without departing from the actual meaning of the lines." *1864.*

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